



Inverness O-O-O-I By Fairfax Downey

AS DE QUINCEY maintains in his celebrated essay, the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth" is a most masterly device. As bloody a murder as you could ask has just been committed by Macbeth at the instigation of Lady Macbeth, who is a wife who has no intention of slaying all her life just because she married a man with no ambition. The execution of her little plan has obtained a promotion for her husband, who, if left to himself, would doubtless have grown gray in the kingdom's service as a merethane.

Just as the guilty couple are about to remove the stains of crime and retire the well known knocking at the gate is heard. Of course they fail to say "Come in!" That is the porter's job and what he is paid for. He performs it later, with some rather low comedy. But in the mean time, as De Quincey intimates, the suspense is awful.

The knocking at the gate is, of course, a device to arouse the afore-said suspense. Shakespeare is just full of such devices. The only trouble with them is that they are not modern. We must have modernization at all costs.

The modernization of the device is simple. Substitute the common or stage telephone. Let us have a telephone every time.

The action and dialogue should proceed somewhat as follows:

(A telephone rings.)

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Lady M.—A telephone bell, stupid! What did you think? The ambulance already?

Macb.—Who could be calling up this time of night?

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(Telephone rings again.)

Macb.—Not on your life! It's your turn. I went last time.

Lady M.—Naught of the kind. 'Twas I. Remember, I had to make an excuse for that stupid affair at Dunstons you didn't want to attend.

Macb.—Yes, but thrice before that I answered.

Lady M.—You speak not sooth. Go! Macb.—I'll not. I ask you. Who's been attending to all the dirty work at the crossroads to-night? Answer that please!

(Telephone rings imperiously.)

Lady M.—It's probably the wrong number.

Macb.—Well, go and shut it off! I'll have the whole castle awake.

Lady M.—I won't! It's probably your own, anyway.

Macb.—You will.

Lady M.—I won't, either.

Macb.—Where'd I leave that dagger?

Lady M.—Don't be rude, Mac. (Goes to telephone.)

Lady M.—Hello! Yes this is vermess O-O-O-I. Who is it, please? The First Witch? With whom did I wish to speak? The Thane of Glamis? No such person here. (Cuts off.)

(Re-enter Lady Macbeth.)

Lady M.—There! I knew it was you. But I flatter myself I got of them pretty well.

(Telephone rings.)

Lady M.—What, again? No, no, your turn.

Macb.—Go to! Answer it.

Lady M.—(at phone)—Hello! Yes! I didn't quite catch that. The Second Witch? You say you're to talk to the Thane of Cawdor? Must have the wrong number. There is no one of that name here. Good-bye. (Lady Macbeth cuts off.)

Lady M.—I hope that's all. But out of date, those Witch persons. I fooled 'em.

(Telephone rings.)

Macb.—Avant! This thing is tiring on my nerves. Answer that!

Lady M.—Never! Simply because you've been singing the second melody to "God Save the King" tonight you think that lets you off everything. Answer it yourself!

Macb.—Take that call and I'll see the thing for the rest of the year.

Lady M.—Murdering ministers! Well, all right. (Goes to telephone.)

Lady M.—Yes, yes! Inverness O-O-O-I. Who is it? The Third Witch? What is this, a procession? Who's your want? Who? My God! (Re-enter Lady Macbeth.)

Lady M.—Horror, Mac! Is it the King!

Macb.—Tell her he can't come to the phone.

Lady M.—No, no! 'Tis you. You now art King!

(Macbeth answers the telephone.)

Macb.—(chakly)—She asked me, I said, "King Macbeth." She rang off.

Lady M.—You said something.

That is Shakespeare reformed. Something modern and fast modern. The plot may be redeveloped to effect that the Third Witch was a Great Detective in disguise, who by telephone stratagem has trapped Macbeth into an admission. At the time of the call, it develops, Macbeth could not possibly have been off King, even allowing for daylight saving.

Or it might be elaborated and twist worked in at the end. It is wonderful possibilities as a popular cinema-and-mystery show, has "Macbeth." Just a little modernization and after suspicion had attached every member of the cast and person in the audience who bought his seat from a special guilt of the murder of King Duncan could be fastened on one of the ushers.

What Readers Say

M. Thomas's Address
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I was very much surprised to see in broad headlines in the American press this morning an absolutely erroneous extract of my address to the City Club last night on the work of the International Labor Office.

I could not but have been deeply moved by Mr. Lamont's generous suggestion of a loan to France, which I consider to be an expression of justified confidence in my country. For the settlement of her temporary financial difficulties France could only welcome such a proposal.

But what I tried to explain, at considerable length, was that a loan to France would not solve the question of reparations. France hopes to obtain money not by loan but by payment. What should be aimed at is an international loan, in which the charges under certain conditions to be determined would be borne by Germany. Without knowing the possible intentions of my government, I think that I speak in agreement with general public opinion in France, of all shades, when I express my alarm at plans for loans which would constitute further advances by France for the payment of German liabilities. These questions are nevertheless too complicated and too delicate for any one to attempt to summarize them in the headline of a newspaper.

ALBERT THOMAS,
Director of the International Labor Office; Former French Minister of Munitions.
New York, Dec. 21, 1922.

[The Tribune is glad to print this explanation of M. Thomas's purpose. But neither its headlines nor its news report conveyed the erroneous impression to which he refers. The headlines read "France Asks Co-operation, Not Loan, Thomas Says."—Ed.]

At the Box Office
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: This morning I went to the box office of Maxine Elliott's Theater, where Jeanne Eagles is playing in "Rain" with so much success. I asked for four orchestra seats for any future performance.

"We are sold out until February," replied the person in charge at the box office. "But any time after that will suit me." I cheerfully answered, "We do not have tickets on hand for so far in advance," was her reply; but I, not daunted, insisted "Then reserve four tickets for me whenever any more tickets are issued." "Which is absolutely impossible," quite exasperated by this time at my insistence. "It would seem," said I, "that you are forcing me to go to an agency."

Why should the theater go through the formality of functioning a box office? What is the function of a box office if it is impossible to either purchase or reserve tickets for any performance at any price?

MADELINE B. TAYLOR.
Rye, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1922.

Birds That Need a Friend
To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I desire to draw attention to the suffering which is inflicted on birds confined in small cages in bird stores. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or the Audubon Society ought to bestir itself and try to make a test case in the courts, to see if bird dealers cannot be prevented from putting a bird into a cage so small that it can hardly move or turn about.

Another form of cruelty that ought to be suppressed is keeping parrots exposed to cold weather on street corners and selling by their owners to pick out fortune-telling cards.

R. G. BROWN.
New York, Dec. 19, 1922.

The Lantern

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The camel, looking at his beauty Reflected in the pool Of the oasis, Pitted all poor creatures Who did not have such Long graceful necks And two wonderful humps.

The bones of a dinosaur have just been dug up in Patagonia. Nothing seems to us more old-fashioned and conservative than the skeleton of a dinosaur, and yet in his day he probably thought of himself as a young radical.

The ant-eating sloth scorns the lizard because it is so lazy.

Once there was a Man who came along and Rescued a Lamb from a Wolf just as the Wolf was about to eat her.

"Fie upon you, carnivorous creature!" said the Man to the Wolf! "I wonder at the wickedness of your heart! Had I not arrived opportunely you would actually, I do believe, have killed and eaten this herbivorous and innocent lamb!"

The Lamb was very grateful to her rescuer, and snuggled contentedly and affectionately in the crook of his arm.

The Wolf, feeling guilty, hung his head, and acknowledged the superior morality of the Man.

"The idea," said the Man, as he took the little lamb home with him, "of killing this tender little thing now! First I will get a crop of wool from her, and then, instead of sinking brutal teeth into her throat and sucking her blood, I will have her properly prepared for my table ere she becomes my sustenance."

And the Wolf, trailing along and listening, felt guiltier and guiltier. "Morality and civilization certainly do pay," said the Wolf. "I wish I could get that way!"

Even the Lamb continued to feel in a vague way that the Man had been her Benefactor, right up to the last moment.

Civilization is a Nice Way of Potting Things.

Archy Reports

i heard a spider and a fly arguing wait said the fly do not eat me i serve a great purpose in the world You will have to show me said the spider i scurry around gutters and sewers and garbage cans said the fly and gather up the germs of typhoid influenza and pneumonia on my feet and wings then i carry these germs into the households of men and give them diseases all the people who have lived the right sort of life recover from the diseases but the old folks who have weakened their systems with liquor and iniquity succumb it is my mission to help rid the world of these wicked persons i am a vessel of righteousness scattering seeds of justice and serving the noblest uses it is true said the spider that you are more useful in a plodding material sort of way than i am but i do not serve the utilitarian deities i serve the gods of beauty look at the gossamer webs i weave they float in the sun like filaments of song if you get what i mean i do not work at anything i play all the time i am busy with the stuff of enchantment and the materials of fairyland my works transcend utility i am the artist a creator and a demi-god it is ridiculous to suppose that i should be denied the food i need in order to continue to create beauty i tell you plainly Mister Fly it is all damned nonsense for that food to rear up on its hind legs and say it should not be eaten you have convinced me said the fly say no more and shutting all his eyes he prepared himself for dinner and yet he said i could have made out a case for myself too if i had had a better line of talk of course you could said the spider clutching a stridor from him but the end would have been just the same if neither of us had spoken at all boss i am afraid what the spider said is true and it gives me to think furiously upon the futility of literature archy

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less a desert as when the last shot was fired—must remain so for years, so great is the peril from shells. But to most regions came trooping back on the morning of peace the remnants of those families whose homes had once been here. The French government has aided them as best it could—44,000,000,000 francs has already been expended upon reconstruction, largely sums loaned by fellow Frenchmen. The bulk of the land is once more under cultivation. But the homes are far slower to rebuild. It is largely in barracks, in the shadow of scarred ruins, that these French peasants are slowly, steadily reclaiming their own.

For six years now the American Committee for Devastated France has brought friendly help to this region. Their reports show that the bulk of their labor is done and their activities are more and more being taken over by French men and women. One of the most valuable and interesting works is still largely in American hands, the libraries of the devastated towns of the Aisne of which Miss Annie Carroll Moore wrote upon this page recently. It is good to think of these spots of cheerfulness and warmth at Christmas, and we know of no better way in which Americans can send a message of goodwill and affection to France than by making a Christmas present to this cause. The committee's office is at 16 East Thirty-ninth Street. Whatever you send will mean books and light and happiness for those children of pioneers in No Man's Land.

If Mayor Hylan could succeed in suppressing all the publications which have criticized him the proprietors of newstands would soon be starving to death.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Evil Associations

(In Maine the use of ice in beverages is forbidden because it was formerly used with liquor.)

"A little ice," implored the guest, "I'm burning up inside."

"I can't comply with your request,"

The waiter girl replied.

"For ice once made the highball cool."

And chilled the foaming beer:

I'd break the legislative rule

Were I to serve it here."

"You bring that ice, and bring it quick!"

The guest cried, loud and plain.

"You know there isn't any 'kick' in all the ice in Maine!"

"Ice," said the girl, "in ardent drink."

Moved men to rebel song,

And so our legislators think

To serve it would be wrong!"

"But ice is frozen H-2-O."

The guest said with a grin,

"It is an antidote, you know,

For whiskey, rum or gin."

Replied the girl: "Young gentleman,

All that is very true,

But ice is placed beneath the ban

For what it used to do."

"Why not prohibit glasses, then?"

The guest said, with a sneer,

"They once were used by drinking men

For liquors, wines and beer."

The girl observed: "Be patient, friend;

They meet again next spring,

And I have heard that they intend

To do that very thing!"

Hard Job

The football season is ended, but the race between Santa Claus and the income tax collector to get father's bank roll is providing considerable excitement.

A Hot Competition

Every time the President names a man for the Supreme Court he is attacked either because he is not well known enough or is known altogether too well.

Shrunk

The tiniest elephant in the world has arrived in New York. Perhaps it is to be used as the new emblem for a certain national party.

(Copyright by James J. Montague.)

Justice Greenbaum's Resignation

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As was brought out at last night's dinner to Justice Greenbaum he was elevated to the bench by the Republican party. He was then an anti-Tammany Democrat. At the expiration of his term he was renominated by the Republican party. He also received the Democratic nomination. Nothing is more certain than that but for his original Republican nomination he would not have been made a judge, that Tammany would never have taken the initiative in nominating him, an anti-Tammany Democrat, and that but for the fact that he was an anti-Tammany Democrat he would not have been nominated by the Republican party for his first term.

He now intends to resign before reaching the age limit. If his resignation takes effect before December 31 the vacancy will be filled by Governor Miller. If his resignation takes effect January 1, Governor Smith will choose his successor. Mr. Smith's recent pledge at Tammany Hall leaves no room for doubt as to his attitude toward the organization on the subject of patronage in its own territory.

Thus, if Justice Greenbaum's resignation takes effect before December 31 every one will understand that he intends his successor to be chosen under anti-Tammany auspices, while if it takes effect after that date, every one will understand that he intends that his successor shall be selected by Tammany. That is inescapable.

LAWYER.

New York, Dec. 22, 1922.

only be overcome one of the best solutions would be to make it possible to run the Long Island trains straight through to lower Manhattan. Most of the commuters who come from beyond Jamaica have downtown New York as their destination. Much time and trouble would be saved if they could be delivered at a downtown terminal.

Unfortunately, the very fact that the question has been brought up by the railroad makes it almost inevitable that it will be battered about by municipal politicians. This does not augur well for the public. Sooner or later, however, the city will have to lend a hand, for the growth of western Long Island has been so rapid and is still proceeding at such a pace that means for relieving the congestion will have to be found.

A Futile Filibuster

The Senate opponents of the shipping bill seem to think that if they can filibuster it to death at this session they thereby will dispose of the shipping problem. That is the fundamental error underlying this senseless and futile filibuster. The enemies of the measure hope to pose as heroes at home on the theory that they have spared their constituents the burden of a \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 yearly subsidy.

They will not spare their constituents the burden of sustaining an American merchant fleet by preventing a vote on the pending bill. To the contrary, a larger burden will remain. The government owns a vast collection of ships which it cannot sell because private owners refuse to be drawn into further competition on the high seas with the government. The Shipping Board operates enough ocean carriers to bring its annual deficit up to about \$50,000,000. The enactment of the shipping bill would cut that loss. It also would help the board to dispose of its surplus vessels, for the pending bill contains a virtual assurance to purchasers that the government will aid them to build up a profitable trade and will not compete against them.

If the shipping bill fails the same old depressing situation will continue to plague us. Congress cannot run away from it. The country has a losing enterprise on its hands. It must go on with this unlucky venture or get out of it. Only a few irreconcilables like Senator La Follette and Senator Fletcher seem to be still faithful to the scheme of government ownership and operation, in which the country already has sunk more than \$2,000,000,000. They may prefer to close their eyes and prolong government ownership and operation until another \$1,000,000,000 vanishes.

But what will the others do? The Democratic party, under Mr. Underwood's leadership, wrote a discriminating duty into the tariff law of 1913. Will it vote once more for the enforcement of such a duty? That is a much more disputatious and aggressive form of government aid than subsidies. Will they come eventually to the present plan? We must have one of three things—government operation, subsidies or a discriminating duty. Inaction simply commits us further to the first—an utter failure in results and incomparably the most expensive method of aiding shipping of which this country has had any experience.

The New Pioneers of France

In the chronicles of pioneers the tale of those French peasants who have returned to their devastated farms and fought against destruction and ruin to win back their ancient homes must always take a high rank. The scenes and circumstances are utterly different from that westward flowing stream of American pioneers who voyaged across the virgin soil of the West to plant settlements where none had ever stood before. These homes of the devastated regions of France are among the oldest homes of Europe. For thousands of years men and women and children have lived and tilled along those hospitable valleys. Not a foot of soil but is rich in distant memories—of the noise of invaders and battles, of Napoleon and the kings of France, of the Franks who gave France her name but not her character, of the Celts that were before Caesar, and of those common ancestors of all the western world who chipped and polished flints before iron came to make war terrible and yet more terrible.

But no war ever brought such tragedy to this land as did the great war of our own day and civilization. There the Iron Age that began with the Celts reached its climax of marvel and dreadfulness. Along a great sweeping, curving line from Ypres to Verdun and further the entrenched armies took what were wetlands and walled gardens and sturdy, stone homes and graceful old churches and made of them an equal desolation. Great trees fell to blackened stumps. Along this strip, miles wide and several hundred miles long, the torn ground was sown thickly with unexploded shells and netted with barbed wire. Throughout northern France, a thirteenth of the republic, a region containing great cities and vast manufacturing and mines, ruin in some degree was wrought.

Some farming areas like the Chemin des Dames are still as hope-

the old way, Mr. Hays owes it to his own self-respect to resign and resign promptly.

Platform Pledges

The six Republican Assemblymen who were chosen from New York City in November were elected on a platform which upheld Governor Miller and all his policies, including the policy of better transit for New York City. No elector gave them any mandate to violate the pledge they took when they became candidates. That they are to be members of the next Assembly is due to the fact that their supporters believed they would adhere to Governor Miller's program.

If it is true that Chairman Morris of the Republican State Committee and William L. Ward, chairman of the executive committee, have advised these gentlemen to support any effort to repeal the Miller transit law these leaders, in the opinion of The Tribune, are using extremely bad judgment.

Whether the new Governor "runs wild" or not, it is the business of Republicans who were sent to the Assembly on a Republican platform to support that platform. Any other course would be disloyal to the voters in their districts. The fact that these six Assemblymen, according to recent reports, are the only means of keeping Tammany's hands off the subway makes any wavering on their part all the more culpable.

Playful Mr. Borah

Senator Borah, versatile, alert and unfettered, always an expert on values in the publicity market, has astonished many of his friends by advocating the calling of an international conference on economic conditions and further naval disarmament. Such a conference, to obtain results, would have to arrive "at such understandings or arrangements as may seem essential to the restoration of trade and to the establishment of sound financial and business conditions," to quote the newest Borah resolution. It would commit the United States to joint decisions and joint actions in the field of international relations.

There would be no novelty in this. The real novelty is in Mr. Borah's benevolent association with such a project. People remember the not remote days when he beat his breast and evoked the shades of Washington and Monroe in protest against any working contracts with the world outside—especially with the nations of Europe. He was the most rigid and meticulous of nationalists, looking askance at any suggestion of entanglements—permanent or semi-permanent—in any international compacts, covenants or understandings whatsoever.

Mr. Borah, notwithstanding, soon afterward assumed paternity of a plan for limitation of naval armament by the United States, Great Britain and Japan. He suddenly cooled toward it when it was expanded by President Harding and Secretary Hughes into a peace in the Pacific as well as a naval limitation conference. After this gathering had ended competition in capital ship construction and tranquility the Far East, the author of the Borah disarmament resolution led a fight against the ratification of the key treaty—the four-power Pacific one.

If a new international conference is called and reaches agreements which may require future consultation and joint decisions, will the Idaho Senator again attack them as encroaching on an alliance abhorrent to the teachings of the Fathers? No one can say. Mr. Borah is a law unto himself. His thought is as free as air. His mind runs to unshackled statesmanship in the same way as Miss Amy Lowell's runs to unshackled verse.

But no one worries about that. What would the Senate be without Borah? To its wintry atmosphere